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Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

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Two inch one time, \$1.50; week, \$2.00; six months, \$15.00; twelve months, \$20.00.
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HUNTING IN ARKANSAS.

Minutes of the South Christian Hunting Club, 1899.

(Continued from last issue.)

Tuesday, November 19—This morning up soon. A wanting moon made a shining crescent of the lake, and the first was white and hoar.

A good breakfast—goose, fish and venison—and we are ready to start. Make the lake drive, and in crossing the bar above camp shot some geese, and Mr. Parrish brings one down a long ways from his shooting pop gun.

The boys have made it lively for the deer. As soon as the drivers crossed the lake, the dogs had a two deer—a buck and a doe. The buck ran back, after being shot at twice by Mr. Lennox, and then attempted to cross the sand bar at the narrow and was killed by Jones on the further side. He was a fine, fat, four-point buck. The doe tried to pass between the lake and was killed by Pendleton. Another doe was fired at twice by Burke along distance crossing the bar higher up, and also by Alex. Blakemore. Still another buck was chased around the entire drive, and finally went to Jack Monroe, who fired at him twice; close quarters. He was shot at several times by some native hunters, but escaped them all, and ran off of hearing. The dogs brought still another—a fawn—to Mr. Parrish, who killed him, firing two shots.

Came to camp, had a lunch, got some fresh dogs and made the drive to the lake. On the first stand through the woods we placed an old negro, who had the euphonious and biblical name of Red Sea. A large buck came to him and he killed him at the first shot. No dogs were after him. He was a fine-point buck and a very large deer. The dogs ran a doe around by the road and Deacon McComb took two fair shots at her, as he says, not more than ten paces distant, and—missed her.

Capt. Rice came into camp with eleven bear dogs, and to-morrow we are going to make it hot for bruiser. Capt. Rice is even a famous bear hunter than the old man Lennox. He is a handsome, fine looking, manly fellow, and has the heaviest and longest beard I ever saw. It extends far below his girth. He is well dressed, has a buttoned shirt in the lapel of his coat, but while he has the debonair look of a man of the world, he yet looks every inch the hunter. "If the wind blows through his whiskers to the back of his head to-morrow there will be something of a hurricane." He is just from a hunt in which he killed eleven bears, and to-night he told wonderful tales, at which the boys listen with wild-eyed wonder.

Wednesday, November 20—This morning Capt. Rice came out looking like a new man. He had his shooting jacket on, a belt with his knife and pistol, and no gun. His whiskers were gathered up and hidden under his vest. He drives and Lennox leads the men to the stands. They are supplied with all grades of deer and narrow road to a dense cane-break. Swift as we have been, Rice and his dogs have been faster, for within a quarter of a mile of camp they have up a bear and come tearing through the cane in full cry. They ran nearly to us and turned and went across above. I had the furthest stand next to Lennox, and I had not got to my stand when I saw a large bear come into the road not twenty yards from me. The path runs in a zigzag, and there was a point of cane between the bear and me. I ran around it, but he had gotten into the cane. I knelt down and peered in, could hear him, but could not see five feet in the dense cane. It was a large bear and no dogs were after him. It now began to rain, and poured down as if the heavens had burst asunder, and we were forced to come to camp, and no bear.

The clouds lifted and the rain ceased in the evening, and the day, but it was so wet that only Garnett and Pendleton were with him. They had up deer after deer, and the dogs were running all the evening. They saw fourteen deer and shot several times. The dogs ran down and caught a large crumpled-horn buck in the driftwood near the old Adams, and had killed him when White and the boys got to them. He had a peculiar set of horns, bent, crumpled and pointing in all directions. This country is alive with deer and bear.

Drane, McComb and I went out this evening in the boat on the lake, but had no success. Puffed up the net which had been set in the lake and caught a drum that weighed thirteen pounds.

Thursday, November 22—This morning we concluded to try the bear again and were soon on our stands in the narrow and deep road through the dense cane-break. It was nearly 12 o'clock before the dogs got up a bear, and then they had two up at once. They soon had them at bay, and fought them back and forth

through the cane, within forty or fifty yards of our stands, but they never came out. For an hour it was an exciting time. The dogs were barking, the bear breaking and celebrating hunters yelling like demons possessed, and to men standing in a narrow defile, a dense cane-break behind and before, able to see only a few paces on each side, and exposing a great bear every minute to run into the road, but it was not the kind of excitement calculated to fatten a man or make the hair grow on bald spots. But these bear were tame and finally whipped the dogs off without ever coming out of the break.

We came to camp, had a lunch and today, and drive the old field for deer, and the boys are celebrating in story and song as the famous bear hunters. High wind blowing, but soon had up several deer, which ran clear away, except one—a fine young doe—which went to Burke, who killed her at first shot. Alex. Blakemore, in camp, sat by the fire reading, lifted his eyes and a large dog, with white ruffs, yards of the cane fire, but Alex. had no gun and so soon ran away.

Friday, November 23—Clear, frosty morning—one of the best beautiful days we have had since here we have been here. In the morning we had set our traps, but voted to remain a few days longer. Capt. Rice sent thirty miles to get some bear dogs with staying qualities.

Make the drives between the lakes. The dogs brought a deer to Garnett, and he had a quick shot at it going swiftly through the cane and wounded it into death, but it got away. Burke saw two deer crossing the lake, but too far to shoot. Pendleton, Drane and Monroe saw two more a long distance off. We shot some geese on the sand bar this morning as we were going to our stands. No success. Red Sea killed a fine turkey. Henry Drane went to sleep on his stand and Bill Cravens came up, stole his gun, and then blew his horns and three shots at him, but still the most noble goose hunter slept on Bill gave him back his gun and shook him hard, and said: "Son, supper is ready," and then he awoke.

To-night Capt. Drane being now thoroughly awake, with Deacon McComb, Garnett, Pendleton, myself and Pete, go to the sand bar, two miles from camp, where we see so many geese every morning, with the hope of the reflector. About a mile from camp, in the middle of the path, we saw the shining eyes of some beast, and in a moment it would have been dead, but for the tomb of the Capt. who, but it jumped into the bushes, and as we passed we saw that it was a belated hound looking for camp. We found no geese, but had a pleasant stroll for five miles or more.

Saturday, November 24—Make the drive south of camp. It is hard to do the sub-just, for there has been a regular fusillade this morning, and three deer have been fired at, but one deer in camp. In the drive Lennox shot twice at three deer and wounded one, but did not get him. Jones, of Arkansas, shot one in the back, but it got up and left. Burke shot a deer in the back, but it got up and left. The dogs brought still another—a fawn—to Mr. Parrish, who killed him, firing two shots.

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worked their way to him, but the bear was dead. While going back to the road, and dragging the bear with much labor, the dogs start a second cub, which they chased back and forth in the cane for a good while, and which was shot at by Deacon McComb, and finally killed by Albert. This concluded the bear hunt and to-night hungry men feast on fat bear until the grease seems to ooze from every pore.

Tuesday, November 23—Break camp this morning, and start home ward. Clouds lowered, but before we left, the sun came out in southern splendor as if to bid us God speed on our homeward march. We have had a splendid hunt, and a joyous time. We have been loaded with the choicest and fattest. Nine varieties of game have tempted appetites already keener. Rabbit, turkey, duck, goose, quail, venison, bear, and fish have been our constant menu. We have killed sixteen deer, two bear and ducks, geese and fish farrowed. We are content and well learned to love.

A hard march over a rough road, a road of continuous hog backs made by the drifted sand and rocks, and the Great Father of Waters. The Kate Adams passed going down, we hailed her and she promised to take us on at twelve to-night. It began to rain and the weary road began to shanty on the river which has cured. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending it. My wife says the Pectoral helps her more than any other medicine she ever used. —Enos Clark, Mt. Liberty, Kansas.

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Butter—30 to 35.
Sugar—10 to 15.
Flour—10 to 15.
Wheat—10 to 15.
Corn—10 to 15.
Oats—10 to 15.
Hay—10 to 15.
Clover—10 to 15.
Lard—10 to 15.
Tallow—10 to 15.
Hides—10 to 15.
Skins—10 to 15.
Fur—10 to 15.
Feathers—10 to 15.
Eggs—10 to 15.
Honey—10 to 15.
Maple Sugar—10 to 15.
Apples—10 to 15.
Oranges—10 to 15.
Lemons—10 to 15.
Grapes—10 to 15.
Pears—10 to 15.
Plums—10 to 15.
Peaches—10 to 15.
Nectarines—10 to 15.
Cherries—10 to 15.
Strawberries—10 to 15.
Raspberries—10 to 15.
Blackberries—10 to 15.
Currants—10 to 15.
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